

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Raises Corn and Chickens on Great White Way



NEW YORK.—A real country farm on Broadway in which vegetables of all kinds thrive, and which chickens serenely pecking at the soil undisturbed by the roar of subway trains above, and the din of traffic below, sounds more like the fancy of one of the city's rich men than the realization of the ambition of an Italian fruit stand keeper. The farm with an ancient two-story frame house occupies 600 square feet in a triangular plot on Broadway between Manhattan street and West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street. The triangle is inclosed by a ten-foot board wall except on One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, where there is a low rustic fence. Thousands of persons from the elevated subway structure at Manhattan street have viewed this rural scene with interest, and have wondered who the city farmer could be.

He is Frank Muccia, a middle-aged Italian. Muccia maintains a fruit and cigar stand outside of the triangle. He came to this country to seek his fortune 20 years ago from Naples, where his father had a large farm. Muccia brought with him here a strong love for farm life. He became the owner of a fruit stand, but the desire to have a farm and bring up his family of ten children as the children of a farmer's son should be raised grew stronger with him each year. In a city of tall buildings and crowded spaces he could see little hope of realizing his ambition. He could not move to the country because his stand and business was growing better all the time, and then there were the wife and the ten little Muccias to be fed and clothed. Nine years ago, however, his opportunity came, and with his family he moved to the triangle. He cleared away the rubbish which littered the place and started to cultivate the soil. In a window of his stand the other day a sign was displayed informing passersby that tomatoes fresh from the farm were for sale. Two of them could be had for a nickel. They were made of grape-fruit, and he pointed to them with pride. Muccia has a regular line of customers, to whom he sells the products of his farm.

Mirth Before Audience, a Fight Behind Scenes

CHICAGO.—"Gigantic and glorious festival of mirth and melody." "A brilliant half-hour mosaic of musical comedy, superbly staged." "Ten dainty, dimpled Broadway beauties. Just like the French cabarets."

That's what a local theater bill says about a skit before the footlights there.

Municipal Judge R. F. Robinson saw part of the show the other day and is inclined to doubt the veracity of the bill. It was given a piecemeal staging before him in the Hyde Park police court. His program read:

Defendant—Frank Griffith; known in the skit as "Josh Kidder, a waiter who knows his business."

Plaintiffs—Lillian, Bertha and Ida Lewis, dancers, and Mrs. Bessie Lewis, their mother, the first three being known in the skit respectively as "Lotta Racket," "Louise Louder" and "Percy Snow."

The "heavies" were Detectives McGuire and Rank, who made the "pinch."

"Lotta Racket—er—I mean Lillian Lewis—to the bar," ordered the judge when the case was called. Up tripped a brunette with a big picture hat.

"It was this way, judge," she said. "I was out doing my dancing stunts when I heard a scream back of the wings. I just knew it was Frank Griffith beating mother, so I ran off without finishing my act to help her. Half of the company had attacked her, and



her screams were so loud the stage manager had to ring down the curtain to keep the audience from thinking there was a fire.

"Then they laid for us outside in the alley after the show and tried to beat us up again. We broke about even, though, I guess. Then mamma went to the police station for protection and had "Josh"—that is, Frank—arrested. All the trouble started because his wife don't like people of our race."

"Yes, it was awful, judge," Mrs. Lewis and the two daughters chimed in, while Griffith tried to give his side of the affair.

Judge Robinson listened for a while and then ordered silence.

"It must have been a gigantic and glorious festival of mirth and melody," the judge said, reading the program.

"It was so much so that I'm going to let you settle it among yourselves. These back-of-the-stage fights are too much for an ordinary judge to attempt to square. I'll discharge the prisoners."

Profitable Bee Hives in Loft of a City Barn



MILWAUKEE, Wis.—An apiany containing four unusually large and busy families of exceedingly productive honey bees, conducted in the loft of a small stable in the rear of a city home, is one of the most unique industries in Milwaukee.

William Norenberg and his brother, Frederick, 794 Hubbard street, are the proprietors. They say it is one of the easiest and most profitable businesses, considering the investment, that can be conducted at home.

"I have been keeping bees for about five years," said William Norenberg. "I started with two frames of bees and a queen and now I have four extra large hives, from which each year I get a total of between 250 and 300 pounds of fine honey. One honey is worth an average of 25 cents a pound,

so you will see that I get a nice profit from my bees, when you consider that they cost me practically nothing.

"But aside from the profit the bees afford us a great deal of entertaining study. Nothing can be more interesting than watching the manner in which these busy little workers keep their houses in order, the manner in which the guard bees of each swarm do sentinel duty at the entrance to their hive, ready to give battle to robber bees from other swarms, which are always lurking about, ready to steal from other hives instead of going out and foraging for honey.

"Some people may ask how the bees are fed. The answer is that we never feed them. I never have found it necessary to help them find enough food. Of course, they have no trouble in the warm weather, and while they stay close to their hives during the cold weather, as soon as the sun appears the bees leave their hives and go out foraging.

"Anybody can raise bees if he has some kind of shelter for them and will start right. They are no trouble to their owner or to their neighbor. I have the Italian bees and they never harm any one."

Bewails Loss of \$800 He "Squandered" on Wife

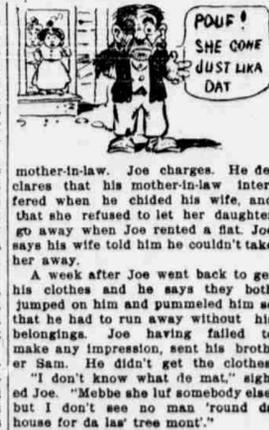
DETROIT, MICH.—From a courtship that started one Sunday afternoon nearly two years ago when he drove by the home of the charming, but fiery-tempered little Italian girl, Annuzia Di Michelle, at 535 Russell street, followed by a hasty wedding, an early marriage, to the divorce court has been the brief but highly exciting matrimonial adventure of Joe Palermo.

Joe doesn't bewail the prospective loss of his wife so much as the loss of the savings that he squandered on her before and after their marriage.

"Pouf! \$800, she's gone like that," said Joe expressively, blowing out a fierce blast of macaroni-laden breath.

"I buy them the fort' dollar coat; he's socks \$2.50 a pair, fine new shoes, pay de five do' for them, de big hat, \$15, fine new silk dress; alla de munn I had. Now, nothing, not a cent left."

They had a "quick wedding" according to Joe, and then his troubles began. First his \$800 vanished for clothes for his pretty wife, and then began a constant war with his



mother-in-law. Joe charges. He declares that his mother-in-law interfered when he chided his wife, and that she refused to let her daughter go away when Joe rented a flat. Joe says his wife told him he couldn't take her away.

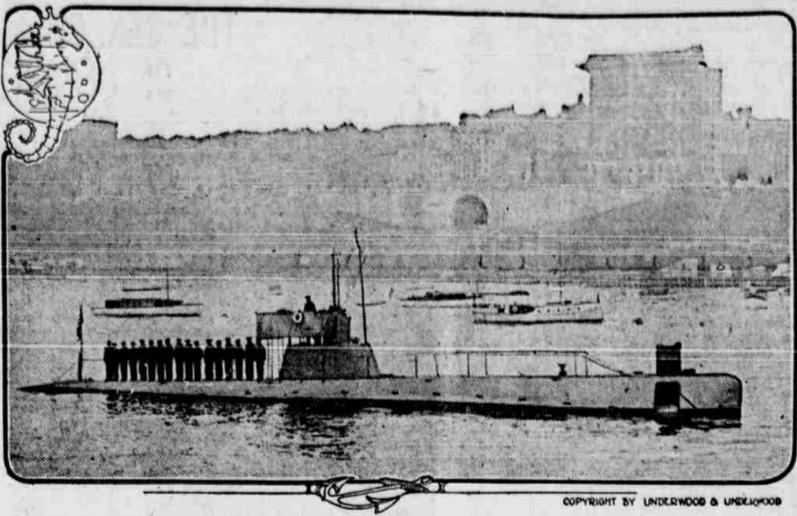
A week after Joe went back to get his clothes and he says they both jumped on him and pummeled him so that he had to run away without his belongings. Joe having failed to make any impression, sent his brother Sam. He didn't get the clothes.

"I don't know what do mat," sighed Joe. "Mebbe she hit somebody else, but I don't see no man 'round da house for da las' tree mont."

Noiseless Gun for Killing Horses. A curious horse-killing gun used in England to kill horses which have been injured is now being adopted by American anti-cruelty societies because of its noiselessness and surety of action. By a slight blow a bullet is noiselessly driven into the brain of the animal, killing it instantly, without a sound to attract attention in a city street.

Should Have Some Superstition. We would not give a rap for the person who is without all superstition. We would a little bit prefer the man whose superstitions are pessimistic to the one who is so exceedingly superior as to think there is no luck in life, no favor nor disfavor in anything that may happen or in any circumstance that may surround our lives.—Exchange

SUBMARINES IN THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW



NEXT to the big battleships, the submarines attracted the most attention at the recent review of the Atlantic fleet in the Hudson. The photograph shows the submarine D 1 with crew at attention as President Taft on the yacht Mayflower passed by the line.

HAIL HINDU AS KING

Tramp Steamer's Cook Adopted by Baboons in Africa.

Rescued by Boat's Crew—Later He Disappears and is Believed to Have Answered to the Call of the Wild.

New York.—Here is a yarn for your whiskers, mate. Believe it or not, but all the officers of the British Tramp Midair, which a few days ago was lying over in South Brooklyn, are willing to take oath as to its truthfulness. They declare that the strange events as related by Second Mate Brownies, acting as spokesman for the rest, are just as they happened.

"We had a cook," began the second mate, "I say 'had' for he is not with us now. But this hero, cookie, who was a Hindu, was the best cook we ever had. It took us some time to get used to his countenance, for never did a man wear such a mask for a face as that Hindu boy. And it was because of this face of his that brought about this strange adventure."

"We touched in at Zanzibar, on the West African coast, and the cook and three of the Lascars crew went ashore in search of some herbs that they use for making medicine for themselves. Well, the day wore along, and no sign of the cook and the Lascars."

"The old man finally got worried about not having a cook, and told me to take a couple of men and go find cookie. We started out toward the jungle, thinking that the cook and the Lascars, having got tired picking herbs, curled up and went to sleep. Just as we arrived on the edge of the jungle we saw the two Lascars who had accompanied the cook running toward us with their eyeballs sticking out of their heads."

It seems as how the cook and the two Lascars were searching about for herbs when they heard a loud chattering about them, and when they looked up they saw about 40 baboons sitting in a row and watching them.

"The baboons were particularly interested in cookie. And I might say right here that cookie was the nearest approach to a baboon in human form that I have ever beheld. He was that missing link Darwin was looking for. The baboons did not pay much attention to the two Lascars."

"Suddenly the leader of the baboons ran over and took hold of cookie and began to yammer away in baboon lingo. All the other baboons came over to cookie and completely surrounded him. They paid no attention whatever to the two Lascars. When the Lascars tried to rescue cookie the baboons went after them like fury."

"The next morning we started out a big party to find cookie. Into the jungle we went for about five miles, yelling our lungs out. Finally far in the distance we heard an answering shout and knew that we were nearing the kidnaped one. Finally we came into a clearing in the jungle and there in the center of an admiring circle of baboons sat cookie. In front of him was a pile of nuts and fruit that those baboons had gathered and brought before him. Cookie was a sort of baboon king."

"He had found that they would not hurt him, and the baboon life sort of appealed to him. We had to sail into those baboons right smart before they would budge an inch, and I got cookie by the back of the neck and started back for the ship."

"It was not long before all the officers on the ship were wishing that we had left the cook with the baboons. He got so he didn't care how he cooked any more. Those baboons had spoiled him sure. He felt of great importance, and the old man decided he would get another cook at the first port we made."

"Well, we put in up the coast a bit, and that very night cookie went over the side and disappeared. He never showed up again, and we didn't make any effort to find him. We have come

BEATING SAVES MAN'S LIFE

Electrician Pronounced Dead by Physicians Is Restored by Ambulance Attendants After Getting Shock.

San Francisco, Cal.—An hour's heroic treatment brought back signs of life here into the body of Bert Edgar, an electrician, after he had been pronounced dead from a shock of 2,200 volts of electricity. Besides the shock, Edgar was suffering from a fractured skull, received when the electricity threw him from a platform ten feet above the cement floor of a basement of a downtown office building.

When the accident happened a physician in the building pronounced Edgar dead. Herman Kresmayer and Adam Baker, ambulance attendants, decided, however, that the cessation of heart action was due to the terrific shock and might be restored.

Baker and a patrolman ran Edgar's apparently lifeless body up and down the street, with the feet touching the pavement, while Kresmayer struck him about the chest and shoulders and all three shouted continuously into his ears.

After an hour of nearly continuous treatment of this sort, interruptions being caused by well-meaning passers-by, who thought Edgar was being beaten up, Edgar showed signs of life and was rushed to the hospital. He was found to have a good chance to recover.

EXPORTS FOR "MOVIES" BIG

Tremendous Growth of the American Film Business Abroad Show Trade Statistics.

Washington, D. C.—The tremendous growth of the American moving-picture business abroad is reflected in official figures on the importation and exportation of motion-picture films given out by the department of commerce and labor. The article giving the figures also describes the influence of American picture films in creating a demand abroad for articles made in the United States.

More than 15,000 miles of moving picture films were exported from the United States in the last fiscal year, while nearly 3,000 miles were imported. The exact length of the films exported in the year ending June 30, 1912, was 80,035,302 feet, valued at \$5,815,060; the length of films imported was 14,374,788 feet of "positives," valued at \$825,053.

A large proportion of the motion picture films now used in the various parts of the world are manufactured in the United States. About two-thirds of those exported go in the "unexposed" form, ready for use in taking pictures in those parts of the world to which they are sent. Of the importations practically all are "exposed" films, views taken in other parts of the world for use in the United States.

Boy Punished for Slapping Teacher.

Orcville, Cal.—Because Everett Meine, a fourteen-year-old Chico schoolboy, slapped his teacher when she reprimanded him for playing "hooky," Judge Gray, as juvenile judge, has sentenced the boy to the Preston reform school until he reaches his majority. This means that the lad will be a prisoner for seven years.

TO REBUILD NOTED TEMPLE

Scheme of Freemasons and Opinions of Jews of Reconstructing Solomon's Edifice.

London.—The scheme of the Freemasons to rebuild the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem has aroused much sentimental interest in Jewish quarters here, and much doubt is expressed as to whether the project will ever be realized.

Some two years ago it was announced that Chester had decided to form a lodge of research to meet at Jerusalem, and to be known as the Lodge of King Solomon's temple. Its members were to be drawn from all parts of the world, but in view of the unsettled state of affairs then prevailing in the Turkish empire the lodge was consecrated in the province of Chester, and met under the jurisdiction of the grand lodge of England.

At any time an announcement such as this could not have failed from its very character to arouse the deepest interest throughout Jewry, whether members of the craft or not, but coming as it has within half of the solemn new year, when the thoughts of the Jewish people naturally revert to the past history of their nation, it has struck a far deeper note than it might otherwise have done.

As to the intended uses of the projected temple, details are necessarily incomplete, but however generous the financial support that has been placed at the disposal of the promoters of the scheme, however skilled the artificers, it will be difficult to convince the Jew that even modern arts and crafts can reproduce the stately and the splendor of the original temple, a splendor that is considered by some to have been exaggerated.

The scheme appears in one respect to anticipate the yearnings of the pious Jew, who in his devotions prays daily for the restoration of Jerusalem, and incidentally for the rebuilding of the temple.

"O dwell in the midst of Thy City of Jerusalem, as Thou hast spoken, and speedily establish the Throne of David therein. O build it speedily in our days, a structure of everlasting fame."

It would seem that after all this

part of a nation's hope may be realized—but through an alien agency!

The question, moreover, has been asked by intelligent Gentiles whether the temple, if when constructed, would be retained by the Freemasons for their own use or handed over to the Jewish people "to enable them," as one correspondent suggests, "to restart their ancient sacrifices and ritual."

DYNAMITER GETS LONG TERM

Manufacturer Tried to Blow Up Judge and Attorneys of German Court.

Berlin.—How the German courts treat dynamiters has been demonstrated by the sentence of ten years' penal servitude imposed on a formerly wealthy paper manufacturer named Friedrich Pritzsche at Munchen-Gladbach.

Pritzsche figured throughout 1911 in a number of bankruptcy lawsuits. To revenge himself on the judge and the two prosecuting attorneys who were active in the litigation, he sent each of them early in December a package of dynamite, which would inevitably have blown them up if the parcels had not been intercepted by the postoffice officials.

BEEES CURE HIS BLINDNESS

Apariat Saved Oculist's Fee by His Makers of Honey Honey Stings Restore Sight.

Chico, Cal.—While changing a swarm of bees from one hive to another, George Bailey, who lives near Placerville and makes a living selling honey, but who had been almost blind for some time because of some ailment of his eyes, was stung on the face and eyelids by several of the bees.

Bailey intended to go to Sacramento to consult a specialist with a view of having his sight restored, but the bees did the work that he intended the specialist should try to do. The effect of the stings has been to restore his sight.

CAT MORE THAN EARNS BOARD

Ginger's Work Makes Neighbor Sworn; Twenty-two Mice Shows Some Feline.

New York.—Here's a cat story from Providence, R. I.: Mrs. Jane Hillbusch of 19 Prairie avenue owns a cat—the cat's name is Ginger.

Mrs. Hillbusch goes to Brooklyn to visit a married daughter, leaving Ginger to the care and custody of

Mrs. Riley, a neighbor. Mrs. H. says to Ginger as she departs: "Now be a good cat and work out your board. Do everything you can for Mrs. Riley."

Next day Ginger brings Mrs. Riley two mice. Mrs. Riley swoons. Day after next day Ginger brings two more, but doesn't get in. Each day for a week he brings two mice and on Sunday three.

Mrs. H. comes home. Ginger meets her at the gate and meows. He leads the way to the back of the house, and

there on the back step are twenty-two mice, two rats, a squirrel and a young rabbit, all defunct.

Some cat, Ginger, eh?

Chicago and New York Hit.

Chicago.—Dr. Alfred Ruple of Berlin, speaking for the forty-five geographers of Europe who toured the United States recently, says that neither New York nor Chicago is typical of the United States.

WAR REMINISCENCES

118TH PA. AT SHEPARDSTOWN

Eye-Witness Tells Story of Crossing of River by 4th Michigan and Silenced Battery.

F. A. Ludlow, Holden, Mo., comments Comrade McElroy on his account of the crossing of the 118th Pa. at Shepardstown. I was an eye-witness to that affair, writes A. V. Cole of Hastings, Neb., in the National Tribune. On Sept. 19, 1862, I think, the 4th Mich. was moving down a ravine on the north side of the Potomac, near Shepardstown. Ford. A rebel battery stationed on the south side of the river near the ford opened fire on us. A member of Co. F was killed and others were injured. This incident did not cause the regiment to feel very friendly toward that battery; and as we approached the canal which runs along the north bank of the river at that point, we were halted and the Colonel (Childs) said: "Boys, are you willing (without orders) to ford the river and try to silence that battery?"



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RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS. World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

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As I remember it, there was no dissenting voice. Al lead, "Yes." As it was now getting quite dark, we fled down into the canal. We forded the river, captured the battery, and dumped it over the bank. No one on our side was killed, but two or three were slightly wounded. It was a surprise to the enemy. They had not thought of an attack of that kind after dark. After accomplishing what we started out to do, we formed for our return to the north side.

At this point the wagon road, or foot path, ran at the foot of the bluff near the river. As we were crossing this path on our return we heard the clatter of horses' feet crossing up the river. We waited for their approach, and to their dismay we took them in. There were seven of them—some members of Gen. Lee's Richmond reporters. We returned to our camp on the north side of the river without further interruption.

The next morning before we had cooked our coffee or had our breakfast, we were ordered to return to the south bank of the river. We took the same position that we had occupied the night before, gathered in a few prisoners, a wagonload of flour that had been abandoned, and many other things. I never shall forget two prisoners we captured, one a long lank North Carolinian, the other a short Irishman. The North Carolinian commenced to whine and beg, saying he hadn't fired a shot. But Pat says: "I fired a shot and will do it again if I get a chance." We had some respect for the Irishman, but very little for the man that whined. After we had accomplished what we were ordered to do, we again returned to our camp on the north bank for the purpose of getting our breakfast, after which we were to prepare to march.

While we were doing this, the 118th Pa. crossed the river and took the same position that we had occupied an hour before. They had been in line but a short time when a strong force of the enemy came out of the woods and attacked the 118th with such vigor that they were compelled to retreat. They were driven over the bank into the river, some below the dam and some above. The ford was just below the dam. Those that were in above the dam had to swim for their lives, and I understood at the time that some were drowned.

I believe that this was the 118th's first experience, as they had just come to the front. They were known as the Corn Exchange Regiment, the Pride of Philadelphia. Seventy or 75 of their number were killed as this, their first, experience. We were on the north bank of the river, where we could see every move that was made, and yet we could not get to them in time to render any assistance. Whose fault was it that caused the slaughter of those noble Pennsylvania boys?

Neatly Rebuked. "Rear Admiral Melville one stormy morning at sea," said a naval officer, "had occasion to rebuke a young officer for wearing soiled gloves."

"But, sir," the young officer remonstrated, "the men have been so overworked in all this dirty weather one couldn't well ask them to wash gloves."

Melville took a pair of perfectly clean gloves from his pocket.

"Here, wear these," he said quietly. "I washed them myself."

A Good Shot. A dignified colonel decided to show the boys how to shoot. It was a distressing time for those around him, but he finally fired the gun and made the dirt fly.

"What did I hit?" he asked.

"The state of Virginia," was the answer.

Too Careful. "Jeff Wilson," said the captain, "you are accused of stealing chickens. Have you any witnesses?"

"No, sir," answered Jeff haughtily. "I don't steal chickens before witnesses."

Which Way? "I hear th' colonel's at death's door," observed an Illinois boy to a member of an Iowa regiment, who had little use for the officer named.

"Yes," was the reply. "I hope he pull him through."

There Was a Reason. Caller (watching Maj. Blood as he approached)—What a soldierly bearing your husband has, Mrs. Blood. He carries himself so very straight and erect.

Mrs. Blood (without looking around)—I expect so. He has been out all night with the colonel.

The Broker's Daughter. "Will you take any stock in my offer?" asked the suitor.

"You must first go to par," answered the wise daughter.

Choosing a Wife. An old Virginia gentleman who said he knew the way to pick a wife was willing to recommend it to young men. His advice is: See how she looks in the morning! The old Virginia gentleman, when getting married himself sent his valet across the country to take a look at two sisters in the early morning. One looked well and one didn't. So, ladies, beware! These facts are important if true. And true they are as sure as you are women. Men hate a woman who looks frowsy in the morning.

Tokyo's First Sky Scraper. With the completion of a seven-story building, Tokyo is able to boast of the first skyscraper in its history. The structure, begun in January, 1910, was but recently completed. It is considered fire and earthquake proof. It was designed for office, and is especially noteworthy because it is probably the highest of its kind in the far east.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A Mistaken Idea. "The storm caused me a great deal of suffering by breaking all the windows in my house."

"Why, I always understood that breaking windows was a perfectly painless operation."

His Job. "What is Jags doing now?"

"Everybody he can."

A woman's second thoughts are nearly always the most unsatisfactory.

ALBERTA THE PRICE OF BEEF

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